

The Saturday News

SIXTH YEAR 45.

EDMONTON, ALBERTA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1911.

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Jasper's Note Book

CENSUS returns are inevitably disappointing to the majority of people in a new country. Their optimism runs away with their judgment and they get the habit of making all kinds of extravagant claims for the communities in which they live.

Then the enumerator gets to work, acting under oath and their visions speedily melt into thin air. There are some hard words used in the local press. But they count for nothing in impressing those whom it is worth while to impress.

Those who have been at all modest in their estimates come out of the trial with reputation for accuracy largely enhanced and there is no doubt that they gain very considerably in the long run by the pursuit of such a policy.

So far as Edmonton is concerned, it may be said that the figures given out come very much closer to the claims that were made in respect to it than is the case with the great majority of other communities, either in eastern or western Canada.

The boldest forecast that has been attempted up to date has been to the effect that when the amalgamation was completed, Greater Edmonton would probably show a population of 35,000.

The census report is that Edmonton on June 1st had 24,882, an increase of 120 per cent. in the five years that have elapsed since the special western census of 1906, while Strathcona has 5,580, an increase of about the same proportions. This gives a total in the twin cities of 30,464. But in the new city that is to come into existence at the first of the year at least two other population centres, North Edmonton and West Edmonton, will be included, with quite a scattered population as well. Taking into account the growth of seven months, one should be quite safe in saying that Greater Edmonton will start out with a population of 35,000 people.

This means astonishing development. It is second only to that of Calgary in the Dominion. Many Calgary men made claims away up beyond 60,000. But 43,736 is quite sufficient to astound the world with.

When we come to make comparisons with the cities of the rest of the Dominion we must revert to the last general census of ten years ago. At that time Calgary showed but 4,097 people and Edmonton 2,626. Could figures tell a more eloquent tale of development?

ALBERTA was aiming at touching the 400,000 mark, which would have meant a large increase in the money coming from the Dominion. But the actual figures are 372,919. This is twice the population that was recorded five years ago and five times that of ten years ago.

THE rate of increase in Alberta and Saskatchewan during five years is twenty-five per cent. greater than that in Manitoba in ten years. This is in spite of the fact that Winnipeg has drawn its strength very largely from the new provinces. Saskatchewan has only a trifle more than a thousand less than Manitoba, Alberta is eighty thousand behind Saskatchewan and ten thousand ahead of British Columbia.

THE population of the whole Dominion is at 7,081,896, whereas eight million was looked for. This makes the growth of the western provinces all the more significant. No less than 21.75 per cent. of the people of the country are to be found from Manitoba westward. A considerable part of the population of New Ontario, which is tributary to Winnipeg rather than to the east should also be reckoned in with that of the West.

It was only yesterday that Canada was considered as going no further west than Sarnia. The people who lived beyond were no more reckoned with than those scattered in the territory lying to the north of Alberta.

WHEN redistribution is effected on the basis of the returns there will be an addition of twenty western members. How long will it be before the balance of power comes west of the Great Lakes? No one can doubt that with all the territory that there is to open up here, this must come sooner or later.

The great growth in the east has been in the manufacturing centres and they have developed

Madam Lillian Nordica



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largely because of the Western trade. Will the West during the next decade not begin to manufacture for itself on a largely increasing scale?

Nor should the influence on the east of the transportation of western goods be overlooked. Before another census is taken much of the produce of western Canada will go out by way of the Pacific to the developing Orient and to Europe by way of the Panama Canal. And there is always the possibility that the Hudson's Bay route will be completed, though it has been talked about for so long that many are doubtful of the early fruition of the project. The other transportation change, however, is right upon us.

Taking all this into consideration, is it too much to expect that by the time of the census of 1931 the greater part of the people of Canada will have their homes in its western half. It seems a long while to look ahead to 1931, but does it seem very far to look back to 1891? In that year there were but 317,478 people in what are now the four western provinces. Where there are now 826,000 in Alberta and Saskatchewan there were then less than 67,000 in the territory comprised by these two. And we know how short a distance has been gone in either towards realizing its possibilities.

TEN years hence there should be easily two million people in the two. The cities have more than kept pace with the provinces in the past. They will do even better in proportion in the future, as the country looks less and less to the manufacturing and distributing centres of the east. This being the case it is not hard to figure what Edmonton and Calgary and Regina and Saskatoon must become before another set of enumerators is appointed.

THE bye-election campaigns are proceeding merrily in the four southern constituencies. The result will have a most important bearing on next month's sitting of the legislature. A substantial addition to the fighting force of the Opposition will help to make things interesting, but the most important result would be the loss of prestige that the government must sustain. At this distance it looks as if Calgary and Lethbridge were certain to go Conservative, while the fight will be a keen one in Gleichen and moderately so in Pincher Creek.

THE sectional appeals which some of the government's friends are making do not look like good politics and Mr. Sifton would do well to discourage them. His only hope is in drawing the party together in all sections of the province. It has been in the north that it has in the past had its main strength and any tactics which would serve to alienate this section to a larger extent would spell disaster.

THE government's failure to do anything towards opening up the country to the north at the last session was a great disappointment to those who were in the best position to realize all that such a project must mean. This is not to say that only the northern constituencies would be benefited. Enormous development would ensue, in the advantage from which the whole province would share.

The legal tangle that has taken the place of a forward policy excites apprehension everywhere. The Calgary Albertan speaks about the effort that is being made to save seven millions of dollars to the province. No action that the government can take, unless it repudiates the bonds, can discharge the liability of the province for this money. All that it can do, if it succeeds in the suit that it has been compelled to commence in the courts, is to make the liability a direct instead of an indirect one, and to transfer the funds from one object to another.

The Saturday News has at all times been convinced that if the road to Fort McMurray were built, it would pay for itself from the start and that the province would never be called upon to make good a single cent either in principal or interest. But if the money goes into the general funds, of course, the whole liability rests with the province.

As to what the state of things will be, if, at the end of the legal proceedings, which have lasted nearly a year and will probably last two more, the decision should go against the government, this is not a pleasant prospect to contemplate.

There is another possibility too that must now be considered, a Conservative government being in office at Ottawa. It may exercise its power of disallowance in respect to the Alberta act which put an end for the time being in the A. and G. W.

There are those who, while they disapprove strongly of the course which Mr. Sifton adopted a year ago are hopeful that at the coming session of the legislature, he will have a solution of the vexed situation to propose that will ensure the speedy building of the railway and put an end to the exceedingly dangerous suit that has still to traverse the labyrinth of so many tribunals.

READERS of those American journals which deal extensively with the doings of high society know that Mr. Frederick Townsend Martin has long been a prominent figure in what is called the "ultra smart set" of New York. Much has been written regarding the life of the men and women who compose this that has been found to be quite untrue and we are accordingly wary of forming our judgment in respect to them from many of these yellow-journal vapourings.

But the testimony which a man like Mr. Martin gives may be accepted absolutely without reserve.

He has just published a book, following the line of several magazine articles that he has written within the past year.

A more significant volume has never been issued and it must attract the most widespread attention. He entitles it "The Passing of these Idle Rich."

"I know society," writes Mr. Martin, in the very first sentence of his book. "I was born in it, and have lived in it all my life, both here and in the capitals of Europe." He adds that, to him, "the miserable excesses of Society are an open book." Further along he writes again: "I speak as a rich man." Then he proceeds to enter the plea of guilty in behalf of rich men to practically all the counts of the indictment brought by its enemies against the plutocracy.

The voluntary witness for the prosecution continues:

"It matters not a iota what political party is in power, or what President holds the reins of office. We are not politicians or public thinkers; we are rich; we own America; we got it, God knows how; but we intend to keep it if we can by throwing all the tremendous weight of our support, our influence, our money, our political connection, our purchased Senators, our hungry Congressmen, and our public speaking demagogues into the scale against any legislation, any political reform, any Presidential campaign, that threatens the integrity of our estate."

The writer tells what a shock to himself was the realization that the class he belongs to was now heartily hated, and the selected popular object of stone throwing and mud slinging. Mr. Martin then points out an impressive result of this state of affairs:

"To-day in New York the girls of our class cannot read the newspapers without learning the fearful lesson that their fathers are despised by the people and their mothers are suspected by the women of the nation. Ridicule, slander, sarcasm, and obloquy are poured on us day by day. It is a fearful thing for a young girl to be brought up in an atmosphere like this. It must breed either careless, heartless indifference or a spirit of discontent."

Discussing the problem as to how the idle rich got their money, Mr. Martin quotes census figures to show that while the "average employe in this country produces every year \$1,280 of wealth after full allowance for the cost of the material he works with and all possible running expenses that are paid by his employer," he gets but \$437 of the total, and "the remainder goes into the hands of the capitalist and the exploiter of labor." Thus "nearly two-thirds of the wealth produced by the men who labor with their hands and heads goes to pay interest and dividends on the securities that represent the increment gathered by those who sold out in other days, or who capitalized their plants and settled down to draw their sustenance from the labor of other men. Hence the idle rich."

Speaking still as one who knows at first hand the facts for which persons less advantageously situated may have been driven, also, to gather from the gossip of the stables and the kitchen, Mr. Martin recites a long list of the desperate expedients of the idle rich to escape the inevitable dullness of their lot—performances which have from time to time set the world's tongue clacking and provides the newspapers with nine-day sensations. Hunted by the "curse of gold" which deprives them of the simple pleasures and wholesome incentives which lighten the lives of poorer men, they take refuge in fantastic and costly fooling.

Mr. Martin recalls the famous girl-in-the-pie supper, when, as the crust of a mammoth sample of the pastry cook's art was cut, "a slip of a girl bounded to her feet" from the midst of it. He revives the faded memory of that equally famous dinner, the black-and-tan dog dinner, and another dinner at which "a shapely girl clad in golden spangles and scales" played the part of a goldfish in a glass tank of monstrous size. He tells about the feast at which the guests smoked cigarettes whose wrappers were hundred-dollar bills instead of rice paper, and he devotes a page or more to the \$1,000,000 bedroom of an individual "with a common name, but uncommon wealth." Nor does he forget the \$10,000 a year spent by another gilded person for shoes, the \$10,000 cradle of a certain infant heir of Croesus, or the million, more or less, lavished by a foolish youth upon a "coarse, but crafty stage girl."

This to show what the idle rich are—or may be—how the taint of idleness has corrupted society. But times have changed. Mr. Martin offers personal testimony on that point also. He writes:

"Idleness is doomed as a vocation. Even in the social world it is becoming unfashionable. Not so

(Continued on page eight)

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How Wrongdoer's Trail Has Been Found by Dreams

It has been stated in a paper devoted to spiritualistic and ghostly subjects that the services of a medium have been retained by Scotland Yard and that the New York police have acknowledged their indebtedness to such gentry for valuable information which has enabled them to clear up many mysteries which had previously baffled them.

There is not the slightest truth in either of these latter statements. The visions of the mediums, obtained by their admirers and published by the newspapers, have proved invariably far from the real facts. Spiritualism has not yet become a force in the detection of crime.

Clues, however, of a strange kind, bordering upon the supernatural, are recorded in many cases. In the trunk murder case some time since, when Devereux, the chemist's assistant, poisoned his wife and child, and packed them in a carefully prepared trunk which he left in a furniture repository, it was a presentiment on the part of a woman which led, in the first instance, to the discovery of the crime. The memory of the trunk haunted Devereux's mother-in-law. It was connected, she felt sure, in some sinister manner with the disappearance of her daughter and her child. Sure enough, when the trunk was opened it revealed the ghastly secret.

A Manchester Case

A presentiment of the same kind led to the prompt discovery of a remarkable murder, the perpetrator of which was tried at the Manchester Assizes in 1889.

Two persons, a father and a son named Gordon, carrying on a furnishing company in Manchester, had established branches of their business in various places, one of them being at Bury. The Bury shop was managed by one William Dukes. One day the son George set off from Manchester on a visit to some of these branch establishments. He did not return, and his father and his brother named Meyer Gordon, became excited and alarmed at his absence. Meyer was oppressed by a terrible presentiment that the missing George was at Bury, and insisted upon his father accompanying him there to make enquiries and search. Entering the branch shop he faced Dukes, the manager, and asked him where his brother George was.

"He was here yesterday," said Dukes calmly, "but I have not seen him since."

But a strange feeling that the shop held the solution of the mystery of George's disappearance, possessed the brother that he went to the police station and returned later with two detectives. A search of the place, however, revealed nothing that was suspicious—nothing that seemed in any way to bear upon the mystery of the missing man. Meyer's eye fell upon a large wardrobe standing in the shop.

"What is that doing here?" he asked.
Dukes replied that it had been brought by a lady named Sherricks, and that it was waiting for removal to her premises. Meyer walked to it and examined it. It was locked. Dukes declared that the lady herself had herself closed the doors and taken away the key.

"I must have it opened," said Meyer. "I will take the responsibility upon myself."

The Red Barn Murder

Inside when the doors were broken open, was discovered the body of the murdered man. It was a dream which led to the discovery of the murderer of the unfortunate girl, Maria Marten, in the famous Red Barn in Suffolk.

Maria was a beautiful girl, the daughter of a laborer, who had attracted the notice of William Corder, a farmer of means in the neighborhood. In a lonely part of his farm stood a building known as the Red Barn. Calling for the girl one day, Corder smuggled her away from her parents' cottage, informing them that he was about to take her to Ipswich to secretly marry her. The girl was never seen again. Corder, in reply to her parents' anxious enquiries, assured them that she was well and happy with some friends.

Three times her mother dreamt that the girl had been murdered and was buried in a corner of the Red Barn. So persistent was she in her entreaties that the place be searched that at last she prevailed.

The poor girl's body was found there! She had been shot by the treacherous man and buried by him. What had become of Corder? He had disappeared. A detective tracked him down at last, living in comfort in a London suburb. He had married a lady, the head of a young ladies' school. Under the pretence that he wanted to place his daughter in the school as a boarder, the detective obtained entrance to the house and an interview with his man. He pounced on Corder as he was engaged in boiling a couple of eggs for breakfast.

Sir Astley Cooper, the famous physician, used to relate an extraordinary occurrence in his young-

er days, when he was called in to examine a prisoner whom the police suspected of having committed a murder. Cooper, with an officer, having completed his examination, was about to leave, when to his amazement he saw a dog sniff at a part of the man's clothing.

Cooper looked at the garment. There was a strange stain upon it which had escaped his notice. Examination of it proved that it was blood. But there was no dog in the cell and none could possibly have obtained admission and left the place unseen. The mystery of the dog was never solved. That stain, however, solved the mystery of the crime and the man was found guilty.

A "strange feeling" led to the remarkable thwarting of a crime in a Yorkshire wood some years ago. A hand new to the district had arrived, and was working on a farm in the neighborhood. That evening he had to return to a village some miles distant, and while at work he enquired his way of a fellow-laborer. He was told that there were two ways to it—one along a road and another through a wood, but he was warned against attempting the path through the wood, as there was a deep pond, fringing the path, hidden to a great extent by bushes and undergrowth.

When his work was done, however, he resolved in spite of the warnings of his comrades to take the wood path. Noticing the pond he found himself attracted to investigate it. Separating the branches of the overhanging bushes he peered through and was startled to see a parcel containing an apparently living object in the water. The loosely tied bundle, that he reached down for and brought to land, contained the still living body of an infant that could only have been in the water for a short time.

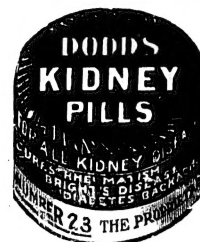
One of the most extraordinary cases of unexplained revelation of crimes was that in which a man named Bourriere was the criminal. Bourriere was a person of some local importance in a French village. Among his friends was a magistrate, who was unmarried, talking and playing draughts together. Four or five years previously there had been a mysterious murder in the village, the perpetrator of which the police had failed to discover.

The Self-Accusing Document

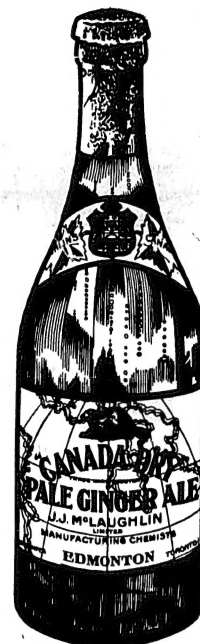
One morning the magistrate, who had spent the previous evening at Bourriere's house was astonished to receive a letter, apparently in his handwriting and bearing his name on it. It was written in a mocking strain, taunting the magistrate for his want of sagacity in not suspecting him—Bourriere—as the perpetrator of the crime, giving details of its commission, and mentioning facts which the writer seemed to imagine should not have escaped an intelligent magistrate's notice. Confronted with this extraordinary document, Bourriere was so dumbfounded that he confessed his guilt. He had committed the crime as the letter said, but he declared to the last that he had never sent the letter.

The only explanation of the extraordinary occurrence seems to be that Bourriere, pursuing his reflections after the magistrate had left him in the

(Continued on page six)

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PROCLAMATION

Whereas it has pleased Almighty God in his great goodness to vouchsafe this year unto our Dominion of Canada a bountiful harvest and other blessings, We therefore considering that these blessings enjoyed by our people throughout the said Dominion do call for a solemn and public acknowledgment have thought fit by and with the advice of our Privy Council for Canada to appoint and we do hereby appoint Monday the thirtieth Day of October next as a day of general thanksgiving to Almighty God for the bountiful harvest and other blessings with which Canada has been favored this year, and we do invite all our loving subjects throughout Canada to observe the said day as a day of general thanksgiving of all which our loving subjects and all others whom these presents may concern are hereby required to take notice and govern themselves accordingly.

Government House, Ottawa, Sept 29th.

The Shortening Days

Waiting

(Ninette M. Lowater, in The New York Sun.)
Later and later the day comes up,
Sooner and sooner the sun goes down;
There are blurs of grey in the sky's blue cup,
And the wind groans softly through 'the town.
The noons are warm and the sunsets bright,
But the birds are gone, the flowers are dead,
And the level shafts of morning light
Find a veil of frost on the green grass spread.

The leaves still cling to the parent trees,
But their ranks are thinning day by day;
They are caught away by the vagrant breeze,
Like the frolicsome kitten in its play.

There's a 'tenseness in the mellow air,
A boding stillness, a sense of doom,
And earth, which late was gay and fair,
Is waiting for winter's snow and gloom.

In October

I hear
Rich tones go swelling through the wood,
That blend with rich hues of the trees.
The winds with mighty fingers sweep
In low contraltos; basses deep
Of brown and crimson harmonies
Heard in the oak-tree's vibrant leaves
That mingle with the golden notes
From tenor birches' yellow throats.
And life and all the world seem good
While Nature mystic beauty weaves.

There is no discord in 'these aisles
Of Orient lines and mellow tones,
So far removed seem sordid things,
Losses, bereavement, tears and moans
That on the earth their shadow flings.
The wind that lightly sweeps along
Touches a harp of yellow beech
That floods the wood with sunny song,
A gold-leaf melody of speech
That Nature understands, and smiles.

I hear:
Across the pine-tree's pale green strings
The soft wind draws a sobbing bow,
A tender requiem it sings
For all the dear dead leaves below.
From out the resinous ribs of pine
Came that sweet soul, the violin,
Whose music more than half divine
Lingers among the pine leaves 'thin.
So much I hear when in the wood
October reigns, and life is good.

A Thanksgiving Turkey.

'Cindy, reach dah 'hine yo' back
'N' han' me dat ah almanac.
'W'y, Laud! t'morrer's Thanksgivin'
Got to git out an' make hay---
We mus' eat Thanksgivin' day,
Uz sho' uz you's a-libbin'.

You know wahh Mahs Hudson lts? ..
Dey's a turkey dah dat gibs
Me a heap o' trouble.
Some day Hudson g'ine to miss
Dat owdashus fowl o' his:
I's g'ine ober dah an' 'twis'

'At gobblah's nake plumb double.
Goin' pas' dah 'tothah day,
Turkey strutted up an' say,
'A-gobble, gobble, gobble!'

Much uz ef he moult remahk:
'Don' you wish 'at it wuz dahk?
Ain't I templin'?' 'S'! 'You hahk,
Er else dey'll be a squabble.

'Take an' wring yo' nake right quick,
Light on you lak a thousan' brick.
'N' you won't know what befell you.'
'N' I went on. Yit, evah day,
When I goes by that-a-way
'At fowl hab too much 'o say;
'N' I'm tiahd uv it, I tell you.

G'ine to go dis bresser night,
An' 'put out dat turkey's light,
'N' I'll lam 'im lak a cobbler.
Take keer, 'Cindy, lemme pass;
Got to do ma wo'k up fas'.

Ain't a-g'ine 'o take no sass
Oif o' no man's turkey-gobblah.
James D. Carrothers

Thanksgiving on The Farm

(By Mary D. Brine)

"Oh, it surely seems years since the dear children's
voices
Rang out on the farm!"--so the old people say.
"Never mind; they are coming the lads and the
lassies,
And e'en the wee babies, with Thanksgiving-day.
So the turkey is fattened, the chickens grow
plumper,
The apples are gathered, the larder is filled
The little white 'porker' dines daily on dainties,
Nor dreams of the hour when piggies are killed.

Oh, the hurry, the scurry, in Grandmamma's
kitchen,
The well-laden table where good things are piled
The chairs that are waiting for hungry new-comers.
And e'en the "high chair" for the youngest wee
child!
And back to the farm how the steam-cars are
rushing,
While Grandpa and Dobbin impatiently wait
At the old depot platform, and Grandma keeps
ever
Her spectacles turned toward the wide front-
yard gate.

Dear soul! she remembers "the boys" liked to
swing there
And hopes Grandpa mended the last hinge they
broke,
And she actually grieves that the streamlet is frozen--
"They had such fun there putting pussy to soak!"
And though she knows well that the raid on her
larder
Will keep her hands busy from morning till night,
Yet Grandma thinks only, "I'm glad they are
coming,
The dear, happy darlings, with faces so bright!"

Hark! here comes the wagon. Now Grandma goes
rushing,
And Grandpa lifts down 'the wee babies with care,
And out jump the mother, the father, the children,
All ready the Thanksgiving dinner to share.
Oh, the hugs and the kisses, the chatter and laughter,
The merry bright eyes, and the small, eager feet!
Hurrah for Thanksgiving! The old farm is ringing
Once more with the voices of children so sweet.

All Hallows Eve

By Thomas A. Daly

A lover of true lovers all,
I tune my heart to yours,
All ye who hold, in cot or hall,
One passion that endures;
And though for love's lost morn ye pine
Or in its noon delight,
Your heart-song shall be merged with mine
Upon this holy night.

I sing with thee, O merry boy,
At young loves' opening door;
I sigh with 'thee, lone man, whose joy
Has been, but is no more.
True love is deathless. Wherefore grieve?
What was, again shall be.
I sing, this sweet All Hallows Eve,
Love's Immortality.

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about your Thanksgiving delicacies when a visit to our store or a telephone call will place any of the following articles in your home.

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A City man, arriving home one evening, found his wife in a state of great distress.

"Oh, my dear, 'that magnificent watchdog you brought home yesterday is gone!'"

"Gone! Did he break the chain?"

"No, but an ugly-looking tramp came around and acted so terribly that I let the dog loose; but instead of scaring 'the tramp' to pieces he went off with him."

"Great Scott! It must have been the tramp from whom I bought him!"

A committee was formed to erect a monument over the grave of a popular Dublin physician who was buried in Mount Jerome Cemetery. A witty citizen who was asked to suggest an inscription for the memorial recommended the adoption of the famous allusion to Sir Christopher Wren, the architect, in St. Paul's Cathedral, London: "St. monumentum requiritur, circumspice." "If you seek his monument, look around; if you doubt his merit, behold his works."



A Saddle Song

(By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews)

Long years from now when the autumn weather
Shall tingle our blood, grown slow and cold,
I think that the rides we have had together
Will still delight us, though gray and old.

Then perhaps on a day you will open the covers
Of some small book, and a hazy line
That tells of the rides of friends or lovers
Will sing of the rides that were yours and mine

Again, while the sharp rain cuts without pity,
We'll gallop; again from the distant hill
We'll watch the stars and the lights of the city
Gleam out of the twilight, misty and still;

Again to the creak of saddle-leather
We'll climb the slope where violets grow;
Or, low to the pommels, dash together
Under the apple-blossom snow.

Then here's good luck to the rollicking chorus
Of a horse's hoofs as they beat the ground,
And may there be many a mile before us
When our hearts shall keep time to the musical sound.

NOW whose tea-party it happened at, or who answered what to 'the question fill doesn't really concern you, but everybody having discussed everybody else, and her maids, and how she afforded one at so much per, a rather clever woman's name came into the argument, and then you may imagine the tongues flew.

They liked her and they didn't. One would have liked her if she hadn't such a little sting in her tongue ready to chastise her nearest and most intimate.

And another rather enjoyed her for that very spiciness.

Oh you may believe there were as many opinions as there were women present, but all boiled down it came to the same thing: She was a Sulphite or Stimulant, whether you preferred her style or that of the bromide-sedative type, you must settle that for yourself.

"I like stimulants," said one fair arguer, "but I prefer them without claws."

Personally I am fond of both varieties. From one I learn what I would not like to develop into, and from the other--but that would be telling you into my secret, wouldn't it?

The stimulants, of course, have to pay the price of daring to have a personality. That is inevitable.

A Stock Pattern Creature, placid, of no particular views, mild, worthy, comes into a room, and drowns through it, without leaving a ripple to show that she has been there. Your other woman, bristling with emotions, has only to enter, to become the cynosure of many eyes, the subject of criticism of many tongues.

Her views, her clothes, her personality are all "found copy" for the set in which she moves.

Perhaps she likes it, perhaps she is ignorant of the effect she produces. Perhaps, and most likely of all, being herself, she couldn't be otherwise than she is, if she wanted to.

I know some stimulants who have no connection whatever with Cats, or Women Who Claw Each Other. But they are Rare Souls.

Happy is she who can claim that in all her dealings with even her dearest friend, she has never yet received a scratch from her. It is so easy to just make a festive little remark, and then start purring as if nothing had happened. So easy, and yet are not the little cuts often the most painful ones?

Thackeray, the saucy man, was one of those Shining Marks, one of those Sulphite Souls, who almost challenge criticism. He merely had to be to set people talking. And then of course he had bright eyes that saw through people, and he knew about Snobs and a number of other interesting phenomena that no well-assorted person should even pretend to know about, if they wish to remain popular. More, what he knew he committed to paper, an unforgivable offence, and so he had his detractors.

He himself was perfectly aware of the fact, as he wrote in a letter:

"I sometimes think I am deservedly unpopular, and in some cases I rather like it. Why should I want to be liked by Jack and Tom? I know the Thackeray that those fellows have imagined to themselves, a very selfish, heartless, artful, morose and designing man."

Popular persons rarely have views. It is because they are so easy-going, so hail-fellow-well-met with everybody, that they are popular. To the author of 'Vanity Fair' the price was too big a one to pay. He gloried almost in the fact that he excited interest, not complaisance. And most he gloried, because he knew that the Thackeray of men's imaginations was not the man he knew himself to be.

How often do Character and Reputation coincide

What most people seem to be they very seldom are in reality.

"The Thackeray that these fellows imagine," is very often that seeming Thackeray through environment or force of circumstances and is not the real article at all. What befell the man who knew Snobs was, of course, that in either aspect, he was a Stimulant.

What a mistake, but what fun!

Beloved Charles Kingsley was another of the good order, though of another breed. Life was to him a conspiracy of manifold interest, a huge and enlivening mystery, holding out to him at a thousand points glimpses of a vast and magnificent design, of which he burned to be the interpreter. But he was not content with a splendid optimism of heart and voice, such as Browning practised; he had a strong combative element, which could have made him an enthusiastic pirate if he had not been a parson. He had that note of high greatness--the power of tormenting himself into a kind of frenzy at all patient and stupid acquiescence in remediable evil. He saw a world full of splendid chances, crammed with entertainment and work for all, and yet in a horrible mess. He wanted to put it all straight, beginning with the drains, and yet never forgetting the Redemption. And so he went on his way through life at a swinging stride, with a word and a smile and a hand-grasp full of pity and courage, and enthusiasm and love, ready to explain everything and to maintain anything, in a splendid and contagious hurry, making plenty of mistakes, full of weak arguments and glowing metaphors, and yet somehow uplifting and inspiring everyone with whom he came into contact, giving away all he had got with both hands, greeting everyone as a brother and a friend, his life flaring itself away in his joyful and meteoric passage.

(Continued on page eight)



HEIGHT AND FEATHERS FASHIONABLE

In spite of the efforts of Audubon Society on this side of the Atlantic, and kindred organizations on the other, there is a very decided return to plumage decorations in the latest swell autumn millinery. Underwood and Underwood, New York.



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HE COULD NOT SLEEP AT NIGHT

TILL HE FOUND RELIEF IN DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

Fred Swanson, of Saskatchewan, sends a message of cheer to those who feel the weariness that comes from broken rest.

Macklin, Sask., Oct. 16, (Special)--Those who suffer from sleepless nights and get up in the morning feeling tired and discouraged will find renewed hope in the statement made by Fred Swanson of this place. He discovered the cause. It was Kidney trouble. He discovered the cure. It is Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"Yes," Mr. Swanson says in an interview regarding his case, "I was troubled with my Kidneys for over a year, so bad that I could not sleep at night. After using one box of Dodd's Kidney Pills I found great relief. Four boxes removed all my pain and I now sleep well and I am as strong in my Kidneys as any man."

If the Kidneys are wrong the blood becomes clogged with impurities and natural rest is an impossibility. Strong, healthy Kidneys mean pure blood, new life all over the body and that delightful rest that is the sweetest thing in life. Dodd's Kidney Pills always make strong, healthy Kidneys.



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SENSE AND NONSENSE

THE captain who is in charge of the Bertillon Bureau at the New York police headquarters has been studying the thumbprints of criminals for so many years that he has now as good a memory for them as most men have for faces. Every one of the classified thumbprints of thumb and finger prints in his cabinets has its individuality for him.

Two burglars broke into a home in Flatbush, Brooklyn, were detected, and in the fight that followed one of them shot and killed a woman member of the household. One of the burglars was also shot and badly wounded. His injury led, on the following day, to the arrest of both. Following the usual police custom the captain was sent for to take the fingerprint impressions of the prisoners for purposes of comparison and preservation.

One of the pair, a surly foreigner, was admittedly a thief; the other was the man who had been wounded. He was a big Austrian named Schleimann. As he lay on the cot he protested over and over again that he had never been concerned in any crime before, that he was an honest artisan who had been induced by a chance acquaintance to take part in the burglary.

"Usually," said the Bertillon expert, in telling the story, "I don't take much stock in the tales of captured thieves. But I couldn't find a duplicate of Schleimann's fingerprints anywhere in my collection, and I was being forced to believe that he had told the truth when he said he was a novice as a burglar."

"I was just about to conclude that he was really what he looked to be—a big, simple-minded, sentimental fellow who had made the mistake of falling into bad company and would probably pay for it with his life—as a matter of fact he died in the electric chair within four months. Still there was something strangely familiar about one of his thumbprints—the left one. The more I studied it the more I was convinced that I had seen it before. I went through all the cabinets again—nothing doing. Then all of a sudden it came to me:

"Three months before there had been a burglary in another part of Brooklyn that was marked by at least one very unusual circumstance. Our men never caught the burglars, but following their usual custom they had made a careful search of the premises for any evidences that the thieves might have left behind. As a result I had on file an enlarged photograph of a greasy thumbprint that one of the detectives had found upon a cut-glass bowl that the burglars had discarded after taking it out of a china cabinet. I got this enlarged photograph out of the case where it was kept and laid it alongside the newly taken thumbprint impressions of the wounded burglar Schleimann."

In five minutes more, as the captain describes the sequence, he was on his way back to Brooklyn. He walked into the prison ward of the hospital where his man lay groaning and weeping.

"Schleimann," he said sharply. "When you broke into that house on the Park Slope three months ago why didn't you take the cut-glass rose bowl with the gold filigree work on it?"

So sharp was the shock of this attack that the man blurted out the truth.

"It was too heavy to carry away with me," he said.

"And why, before you left, did you take time to let the canary bird out of its cage?"

"Captain," said Schleimann, "just as we were going away I saw that little bird in a cage. I'd just finished serving a five-year sentence in Joliet, and I hated to see any living thing locked up. I knew what it was to be a prisoner—so I stopped to let the canary bird out of its cage."

"Why don't you announce me?" demanded a pompous lady, making a call.

"Beg pardon, ma'am," said the new butler, who had been puzzling over her card—"I can't quite make out the name! Is it Mrs. Jones-Smith?"

"No, stupid! Mrs. Jones-Smith."

Thereupon the butler called out, "Stupid Mrs. Jones-Smith!"

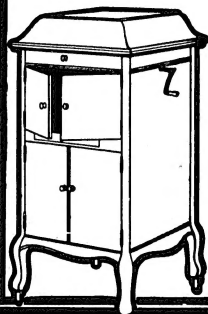
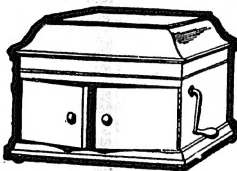
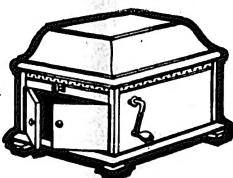
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HOW WRONGDOER'S TRAIL HAS BEEN FOUND BY DREAM

(Continued from page three)

evening, had gone to sleep) and had written the document while in a state of somnambulism.

Sheward, who murdered his wife at Norwich in 1851, was led to confess his crime eighteen years later. He had left Norwich and was in London, and was led by some mysterious impulse to the very place where he had first met and fallen in love with the woman whom he afterwards foully murdered.

While he hovered around that spot he declared she seemed to stand before him as she had done that day, and the wretched man was so overcome that, having first resolved to take his life, he went and made a full confession to the police. He expiated his crime on the gallows.

Manning, who, with his wife, murdered a customs official, named O'Connor, buried him under the floor of the kitchen and fled, excited suspicion in his hiding place, a little village in the Isle of Wight, by the horror which he betrayed of darkness; a light which he must have burning by him throughout the night and the amount of brandy he drank to sustain his courage.

Jackson, the burglar, who escaped from Strangeways Jail, Manchester, by murdering a warder, also excited the suspicion of the people with whom he lodged by his dread of darkness, and by his anxiety to share his room at night.

A Ghost in The Passage

Premature ghosts have frequently afforded detectives a clue to the perpetrators of crimes. It has been a common trick of persons designing murders to seek to prepare neighbors' minds for the death of the victim they have marked down by stating that they have seen the ghost of the person.

In a case at Warwick the suspicion of a detective was first excited with regard to a woman servant employed in the house of an old gentleman who was found murdered one night, but the discovery that she had, before the occurrence, informed the neighbors she was certain her master would die, as

she had encountered his ghost in the passage of the house.

And in another case, in which two Irish women were convicted of poisoning their victim for the sake of a paltry sum of insurance money, one of the things which first led the police to suspicion of their foul work was hearing that one of the women, weeks before the death had circulated in the village that she had encountered the dead person's "wraith."—London Saturday Journal.

The New Order

The British Medical Journal reminds the modern Englishman that the cleanliness of which he is so proud is a modernly acquired virtue.

When the Briton, high and mighty,

From his morning tub emerges,

Very much as Aphrodite

Rose triumphant from the surges;

When he stands, from towelled friction,

All a-blowing and a-blowing,

Is he not by self-conviction,

Quite the finest fellow going?

He, the enterprising tubber,

Scott: the low, degraded races

Who annoy themselves with blubber

And decline to wash their faces.

Even Continental neighbours

He admits that he despises

If the question of their labours

With the soap and sponge arises.

Though his father's father's father

Thought the bath a revolution

Which was dangerous and rather

Undermined the constitution,

He forgives his forbears lightly

Tubs of a surprising fewness,

For his virtue shines more brightly

Simply from his very newness!

TOUCHSTONE in London 'Mail.'

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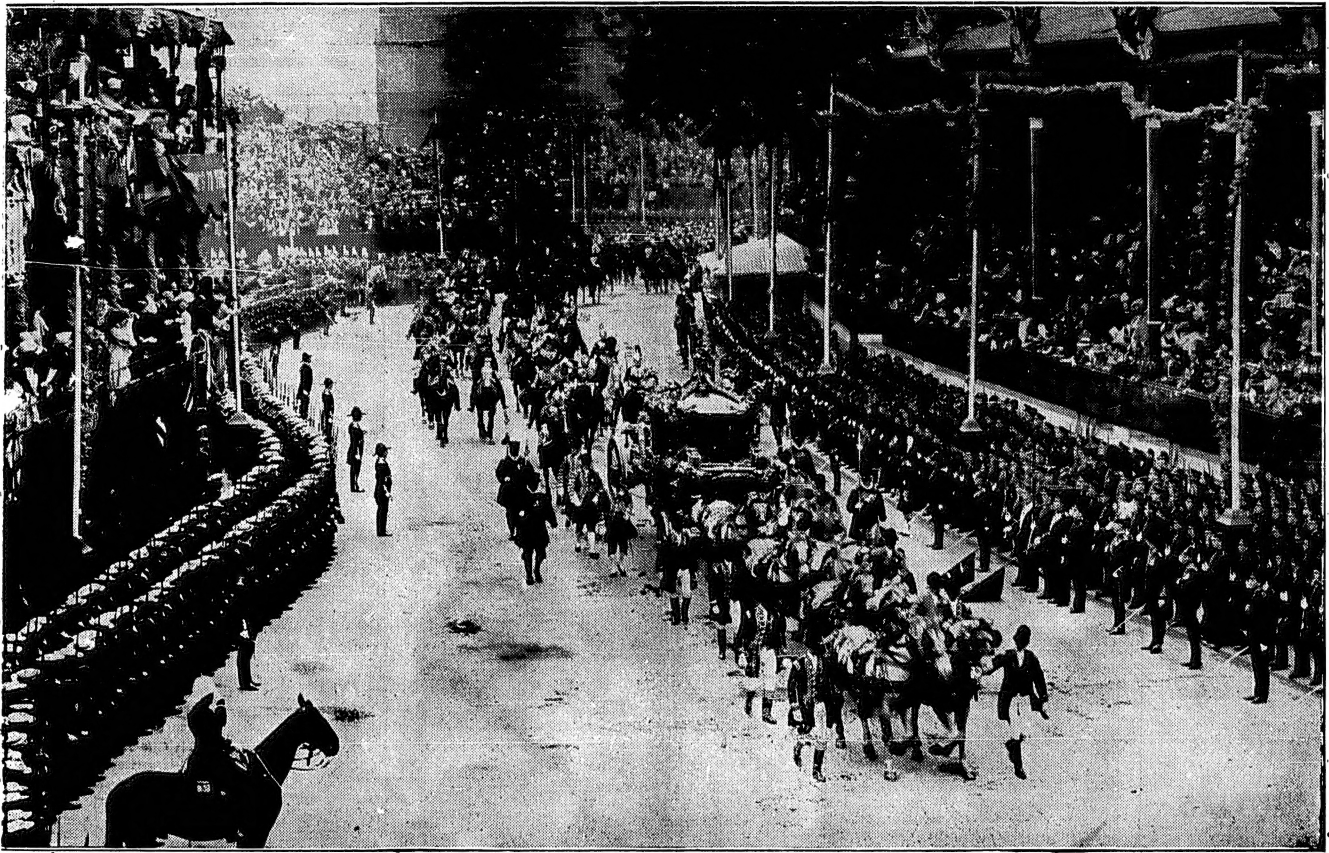
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Edmonton West End Branch, 619 Jasper West. G. R. F. KIRKPATRICK, Manager.



Royal State Coach in Coronation Procession as shown by Kinemacolor at Thistle Rink, Commencing Monday, October 23rd.

IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS OF CHIVALRY AND DUNGEONS

(F. F. G., in Westminster Gazette)

A GOOD deal of knight-errantry, although the distance of time has given it an atmosphere of romance, was really for the most part a sort of hooliganism in ironmongery. Knights in armor went galumphing about on heavy cart-horses, jabbing iron-shod poles into each other at the slightest provocation, and often without any provocation at all. They were as touchy in their tempers as ruffs, and they made quarrels when they could not find them. This was in what are called the Days of Chivalry, a time at which we look back, as it were, through a long corridor, dimly lighted through stained-glass windows emblazoned with heraldic devices. Romance tinges the imagination when we see an old mediaeval castle, even if it be in ruins, and we picture to ourselves gallant knights in rich and picturesque apparel, hawking and hunting in times of peace with fair ladies; grim in panoply of armor in times of war.

But much of the romance vanishes when we explore the interiors and try to reconstruct the details of the domestic life inside the walls, details which, as compared with the arrangements of a Roman villa, were as lacking in refinement as those of a Kaffir kraal in comparison with a house in Park lane. But there is a darker side of chivalry revealed when in the dark passages of the lower depths we find the accommodation provided for involuntary guests in the shape of dismal cells, the cachots and oubliettes, into which wretched prisoners were thrust and sometimes forgotten.

This thought is prompted by a sketch, which I came across recently, in the ruins of the castle of Gilles de Bretagne, near Plancoet, in Brittany, for it was a Count Gilles de Bretagne whose dismal fate is one of the legends of a Mont St. Michel dungeon. The story is that he was put into a cachot by his brother Francis I., Duke of Brittany, and left there to starve; but a peasant woman brought him food, which she passed to him through the narrow grill of the cell, and the wicked brother, finding that his victim did not die quickly enough, had him poisoned.

The incident has inspired writers of romance, but it is difficult to understand, when one knows the positions of the dungeons under the Abbey buildings of Mont. St. Michel, how the window could have been accessible to the peasant woman. Besides, the identity of Gilles himself is a little puzzling. He is described in a guidebook as "Sieur de Chantocé," but the Gilles who had a castle at Champloce was

Gilles de Laval, Marechal de Retz, who is supposed to have been the original of Blue Beard.

Legends of a similar kind may be found amongst the romances of the old feudal castles, and their existence is evidence that pity sometimes strove to soften the hard fate of the miserable prisoners in the dark silence of their living tombs down below. The dungeons in the substructures under the church and the Abbey buildings of Mont. St. Michel are gloomy enough to suggest tales of tragedy which might be told if the stones could speak. To be shut into one even for a few minutes gives one the feeling of being buried in the heart of a mountain, and how anyone could live days, to say nothing of years, in the darkness, the solitude, and the awful silence without losing reason, it is difficult to understand.

Some of these dungeons were used long after what are called the feudal days, although in France feudalism may be said to have lasted until the Revolution. In 1746 a Dutch journalist who had offended Louis XV. died in a sort of cage, a low-arched recess with bars, and as his body is said to have been partially devoured by rats the place is shown and the grim story of "Dubourg mange par les rats," is told by the guides. Under the Second Empire Mont St. Michel was used both as a place of detention for the political prisoners whose views were too Republican for Napoleon III. and as a correptional prison for common criminals. Barbes, Raspail, and Blanqui were among the former, and the dark cell in which Barbes spent some time is a conspicuous feature in the itinerary of the tour through the interior of the maze of buildings. The people who run the Musée at Mont St. Michel include the Man in the Iron Mask in the waxwork show, but there is no evidence that he was ever a prisoner on the island.

Looking at the cells and considering that they were used in such comparatively recent times, we may perhaps wonder whether cruelty to prisoners was a dark side of humanity especially characteristic of the Middle Ages.

THE NOTORIOUS CAMORRISTS

AN illustration of the power and discipline of the Camorra is given by an actor named Sainati in an Italian Journal.

"In 1898," he says, "I was implicated in the riots at Naples and sent to prison with three of my colleagues. We were confined in a large cell with eight Camorristi, one of whom was Carrado Sortino, now on trial at Viterbo, who was then serving a long sentence for murdering his sister-in-law. The senior member of the Camorristi was a certain Vincenzo, who acted as chief and was obeyed by all the others."



THE LATEST IN MOTOR CAPS AND COATS Underwood and Underwood, New York.

enzo, who acted as chief and was obeyed by all the others."

The Camorristi blackmailed the four actors, took the lion's share of their food, used their blankets, and forced them to do all the dirty work. Sortino found out that Sainati had some money and forced him to play cards with him. Realizing that he was being cheated, he complained to Vincenzo, who forbade Sortino to play any more, and obliged him to return the money he had won.

One day while the chief was asleep Sortino went up to the actor and forced him to play cards. The actor was losing heavily when the chief awoke and discovered that his orders had been disobeyed. The chief got up and ordered Sortino to stand at attention before him. He then removed his belt, and stepping one pace backward repeatedly struck Sortino in the face with the belt until the blood ran down his cheeks. Sortino submitted meekly to the punishment, and never uttered a word of protest, and yet he was a strong young man, while Vincenzo was old and infirm.

A SONG OF STEEL

William J. Shanks, in October Canada Monthly (Formerly Canada West.)

From the Athabasca basin to the southern border plains,
Where the prairie flowers and grasses bloom with countless suns and rains;
From the silent mountain passes to the lone Keweenaw trails,
They are breaking Nature's slumbers with the music of the rails.

Over mountain crag and torrent; through the forest dells and breaks;
Over leagues of treeless hinterland around the mighty lakes;
Sons of Vulcan! Hear them swinging through the vastness into space!
Hear the rhythmic sledges ringing out their welcome to a Race.

From the Old World's human maelstrom to the New World's realm of peace,
Where the prairie skyline beckons and the wars of Mammon cease;
Human eyes are turned with longing--human hopes are circling high,
As the steel-tongued heralds carol to the wild-rose and the sky.

Like the thrush when day is dying--or the lark when day is young,
Are the matins and the vespers of the ribboned pathways sung;
Wake, thou virgin-prairies, wake! and greet the heroes of the dream,
Hear the bridal song of Industry--the hymn of Rails and Steam!

Yield thy gifts, O Land of Promise
Homeless millions turn to thee;
Chains of poverty are broken and the bondsmen shall be free;
Through the trackless wilds we're coming, with the morning star o'erhead,
World-old prayers and tears we'll answer with an avalanche of Bread!

Where the bison made his wallow, and the Indian tepees passed;
Where the 'hardy sons of Empire conquer first and harvest last;
Hear the vibrant rails go whispering, in their paths from sea to sea,
Sing hope, and Peace, and Plenty--for the Canada to be.

JASPER'S NOTE BOOK

(Continued from page one)

very long ago in the fashionable world of New York it was considered bad taste--in fact, it was decided breach of etiquette--to enquire among the men of your acquaintance what anybody did for a living. Within the five years past there has been a very decided change in this respect, and I constantly hear that very question asked, and, without rebuke, in the most fashionable clubs of the city."

The author declares that his book is addressed chiefly to his fellow-members of Society: "Within the gates of gold," he writes, "there dwells a great host of people barely aroused." He wishes to be voice upon the house-tops that will rouse them, make them realize the revolution which he is sure is in the air--a revolution, which, he declares, means the end of exploitation and the beginning of the end of great fortunes that have sprung from exploitation. He even ventures to argue that the huge benefactions of certain very rich men are sops to Cerberus, ships of corn and circuses for the mob, children thrown to the wolves which may delay but cannot stop a movement which will not cease till the idle rich are abolished from the face of the earth.

TO one who has studied in any measure the currents of social life, either in the new or the old world, can fail to be impressed with the horrible dangers that the existence of great wealth and complete idleness alongside of great poverty and incessant toil entails. There is no more pressing need than that of arousing rich men to a sense of their responsibilities and a book like this of Mr. Martin's should have a very desirable effect.



AN EXPENSIVE MARINE TARGET

Photograph of the blast from the U.S. battleship New Hampshire, which riddled the San Marcos (formerly the Texas) in the recent American naval tests.

Copyright 1911, by Underwood & Underwood, N.Y.

THE MIRROR

(Continued from page five)

But best example of all perhaps, because he so illustrates the point of my semi-clever woman and the interest she aroused in that little fireside circle, is Elbert Hubbard. The Fra, The Devil, The Saint, The Sinner. But always and everywhere The interesting.

On my desk is a personal letter to the editor. It is a letter of concern; of surprise. In some way he has discovered that away in far-off Edmonton is a brother who doesn't read "The Era, who hasn't read his book "Health and Wealth." "A book which tells one how to get all the joy, happiness and love out of this busy little world of ours, and how to keep it."

The binding is limp leather, silk-lined. "With love and blessings ever," he closes, but in an enclosure assures his "dear brother" that the paper is special water-mark, and that there are two special portraits of himself and Mrs. Hubbard.

Without the "limp leather, silk-lined" I presume "the joy and love" would be snuffed out.

You smile at this quaint self-advertising, but somehow Elbert waxes rich. He has caught the Public Eye. You can't ignore him.

O the bars fly thick and fast about this daring Sulphite. He pays his price for his place in the People's Interest. That you can be certain of. paper is special you can be certain of.

In East Aurora, over the tea-cups, I'll lay you a wager, Brother Hubbard's ties and Brother Hubbard's views are the staple subject of conversation. How Brother likes it? Well, I wonder!

Meanwhile, I hear there are enough Stimulating influences at work in Edmonton to keep one's interest at home. Just look and listen at the next Crush.

Humility

(By the Lady Dorothy Walpole)

If all that my heart think and feels, my pen
Could write so that an eager world should bring
With wondering praise, then would, perhaps, my love
Be worth the offering.

If all the beauty that my soul conceives
Were imaged in my face for men to see,
Then I might feel that all I have to give
Were meet to render thee.

Or if the world proclaimed me fair, or wise,
Or great, or had I rank and high degree,
Then it would seem, my Love, you would not need
To stoop in loving me.

And yet and yet--perhaps you'd rather feel
That somewhere, quite apart and all unknown,
Uncheapered by the world's concern, there beats
A heart that's all your own!

Roger

READ ABOUT THIS
BIG SKIRT BARGAIN

"THE LEADER"

Great pains have been taken to secure this leading BARGAIN. The skirt is seven-gored, pleated back. The gore on each side of the front panel is a direct copy of the Parisian Models. The gore, twenty-three inches from the waist line, crosses to the front panel with a tailor-stitched hem, above which is trimmed with two straps of taffeta silk, finished with silk buttons. From this point down to the bottom, the gore is made with two deep pleats, and each inside seam is piped and finished. Colors black and navy. Stock sizes only.

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"Lion Brand"

Youths' Tweed Overcoats

Youths mixed tweed overcoats in a great variety of natty patterns in brown and grey mixed effects, made with the new convertible collar. Sizes 26 to 35.

Prices \$3.95 to \$16

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Boys stylish reefer coats made from a fine English nap-cloth in navy red or green, lined with heavy red flannel, have velvet collars and brass buttons. A very smart serviceable coat for school wear. Sizes 2 to 8 years.

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The Saturday News

SECOND SECTION

SIXTH YEAR 45.

EDMONTON, ALBERTA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1911.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

Home and Society

It looks as if the gaiety of which last week was a foretaste, was going to continue for an indefinite period. I never remember so many dances announced, as will take place between now and the New Year.

The Westward Ho Chapter of the Daughters of the Empire are giving their annual Ball, Dec. 29th, if I remember right. The humane Society are giving one at some near date, Mrs. MacNamar has her house dance on the 27th of this month. Friday the Nurses have in prospect a very jolly and successful one in the Separate School Hall, and this doesn't take account of the Assemblies, nor of the Military Hops that are constantly being held.

Quite a pace to keep up for those who enjoy a fling—say once a month or so, but a bit strenuous for some who prefer a quiet evening around a grate fire, a book or a hand at Bridge.

Of Bridges and teas too, there has been a plentiful supply.

Mrs. Howard Douglas' three table matinee affair on Friday was a merry gathering of people really fond of the game.

Mrs. Douglas was looking very attractive in a dainty, embroidered white lingerie toilette, with an amethyst necklace and jewels, and Mrs. Tom Douglas, who assisted her in doing the honors, was a picture in a lovely shade of Delft blue dotted silk crepe, with a charming flat bow of some scintillating garniture on the corsage.

Among the Bridgers I noticed: Mrs. Bower Campbell, Mrs. Clark Dennis, Mrs. Brunton, Madame Thibaudeau, Mrs. Goldwin Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Scoble, Mrs. Anderson, Mrs. Lane, Mrs. Roy Douglas, and Mrs. Muir Frith.

Mrs. Campbell and Mrs. Frith were the lucky "top" and "low", the former carrying off a fine pair of brass candlesticks, and Mrs. Frith a dainty receptacle for needles and spoons.

Later Mrs. Anderson served the ices at a table gay with lovely pink carnations, and Madame Cauchon poured the tea.

A few dropped in to join the little circle over the tea cups.

Mrs. Williamson Taylor's big Bridge-tea at the Cecil Hotel on Thursday attracted a large number of smart people five tables engaging in play, while shoals dropped in about five o'clock, for a chat and a cup of the ever grateful beverage.

Between those coming to or from Mrs. Ghiselin's tea on the same afternoon, it is difficult to remember just who was there. They kept constantly shifting, with the result of one's seeming to see, at both parties, everyone one knew.

Mrs. Taylor received her guests in a pretty frock of palest green silk, trimmed elaborately with some lovely lace. Among the players I saw: Mrs. Dawson, Mrs. Jennings, Mrs. Cross, Mrs. Wallbridge, Mrs. Duncan Smith, Mrs. Frank Sommerville, Mrs. J. H. Morris, Mrs. Scarth, Miss Dawson and Miss Sowden. Mrs. Scarth won top score and a handsome brass jardiniere, and Miss Sowden a lovely Satsuma Rose jar.

Practically all the rooms on the second flat were in requisition as reception and dressing rooms and all were gay with flowers and looked very attractive indeed.

Tea was served in the lounge at the head of the stairs, Mrs. Second and Mrs. Edmiston presiding for the first hour and Mrs. Wallace Macdonald and Mrs. Griesbach, the second. The ices were in charge of Mrs. Hector Landry, while a number of the prettiest girls assisted.

Throughout the afternoon Turner's Orchestra discoursed such captivating airs, that I heard more than one woman call "no trumps" in mistake for "spades." The tea table was a beautiful arrangement of pink carnations and softly shaded roses.

Mrs. Howard Douglas has changed her reception day, beginning next month from the 1st Thursday to the 1st Wednesday.

Mrs. Tom Douglas will receive, also beginning in November, on the 1st and 3rd Wednesdays.

Mr. and Mrs. Mowat Biggar have taken Suite 17, the Rene emarchand Mansions, until their home on the Stoney Plain Road is completed.

Mr. and Mrs. Goldwin Kirkpatrick and their family have removed to Suite 15 the Arlington Block.

Mrs. Kirkpatrick and Mrs. Brunton, who is also in the Block, have decided to keep the 2nd Tuesday as their reception day. It seems to me that the occupants of at least the two big Apartment Blocks might all settle on the same day or days, and so make it convenient for those who call.

Of late so many new people, so many nice new people, whom one would like to call on, provided they had time, are pouring into Edmonton, that some system must soon be inaugurated with regard to the same day for the different districts. That or one simply can't get around, that is all.

The far West End has set a splendid example it is the In-Between streets that are at fault.

An unusually delightful tea, graced by the presence of a jolly little coterie of smart women, claimed Mrs. C. W. Cross as hostess on Wednesday afternoon when her aunt, Mrs. Lewis of Orangeville, was the guest of honor.

The very artistic rooms were beautifully arranged with huge palms and tall silver vases of monstrous white 'mums, while the soft glow of many candle lights shed their cheer and touch of sweet "hominess" over all.

On the tea-table a tall silver candelabra, and small silver vases of yellow 'mums, were set on a filmy lace centre, and here Mrs. Mowat Biggar presided in a lovely toilette of some soft shade of blue with a hat, en suite. Assisting were Mrs. T. W. Lines, Mrs. Frederick Hobson, Mrs. Sydney Woods and Mrs. Balmer Watt.

Mrs. Cross received in a charming white lingerie frock, over-pale blue, with touches of black velvet at the waist, and hemming the skirt. Mrs. Lewis was very handsome and stately, in an elegant toilette

of black Mechlin net and lace, heavily embroidered in jet and cut-steel, over white satin.

Some of the guests at this happy party were: Mrs. D. L. Scott, Mrs. Turnbull, Mrs. McQueen, Mrs. Ewing, Madame Dubuc, Mrs. Sifton, Mrs. Sommerville, Mrs. Dawson, Mrs. Bower Campbell, Mrs. Bowers, Mrs. Wilfrid Harrison, Miss Butterfield, Miss Jeanette Rathbun, Mrs. Pardee, Mrs. Nightingale, Mrs. Donald Macdonald, Mrs. J. H. Morris, Mrs. Mays, Mrs. Biggs, Mrs. Scoble and Mrs. Cornwall.

Mrs. Lewis will visit Mrs. D. L. Scott before turning East.

Mrs. Sisley spent a day in Edmonton during the week, returning home on Wednesday.

The sergeants of the 19th and 101st regiments are giving a grand Military Ball in the Separate School Hall on Monday, Oct. 23rd. The patrons and patronesses are: Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Edwa d., Lieut.-Col. Belcher and Mrs. Belcher, Major and Mrs. Jamieson, Major Whittaker, Major and Mrs. Marriott, Major and Mrs. Griesbach, Major Terriault, Major and Mrs. Osborne and the officers and their wives of both regiments.

C. J. Griffith, R.S.M., is Chairman of Committee; C. L. Gillman, col.-sergt., is secretary, and Sergt. A. H. Elliott is Master of Ceremonies.

A special feature is being made of the decorations, and Lynch's Orchestra will furnish the music.

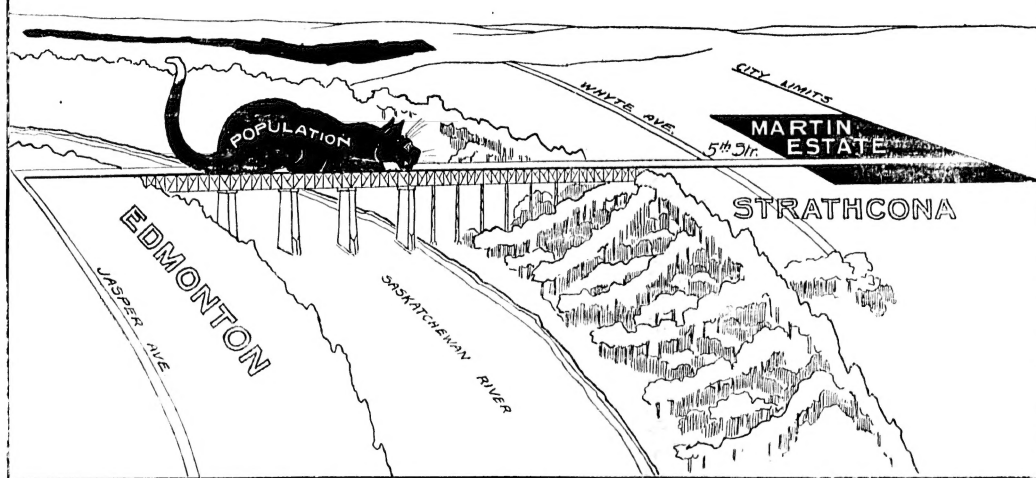
I have been asked to state that as there have been so many invitations issued for the 1911-1912 Assemblies, and the Separate School Hall will only accommodate a certain number comfortably, the Committee are anxious to know just what arrangements to make, and to that end have decided that those whose acceptances are not in by Wednesday, Oct. 25th, will be considered to have declined. This is only reasonable. In some quarters there has been some gossip stating that only the youngest set

(Continued on page ten)

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We would be pleased to take you in our automobile over this property, and you will miss an opportunity to get in on a good buy if you don't take advantage of this offer. This property will double on the completion of the high level bridge. Lots are all high and dry and inside the three-mile circle. The price is \$150 up. 1-4 cash, balance 6, 12 and 18 months.

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For Stomach and Bowel Disorders
Cures Indigestion, Flatulence, Colic, Spasms, etc.
Sold Everywhere

HOME AND SOCIETY.

(Continued from page nine)

were going to patronize this year's dances, but the very fact that practically all of last year's patronesses are down for 1911-1912 as well, demonstrates that there will be practically all of the old dancing set in attendance.

I have heard rumors of a new Lending Library being started in the Windsor Block almost immediately, and hope by next week to have more particulars to give you.

Mrs. Cautley is entertaining at Bridge on Friday evening, in honor of her guests, the Misses Pope of Quebec.

Mrs. Jas. Biggar was the hostess of a very smart Bridge on Thursday afternoon particulars of which I shall have to hold over until next week.

"Madame Sherry" was quite the most popular and attractive lady in town this week, and on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday nights drew crowded houses to the Empire, where they all grew most enthusiastic over Madame and the little convent girl, Yvonne's "Every Little Movement."

The comedian, dear Nunky, was a scream, and laughed away many an aggravated case of dyspepsia. The scenery was attractive, and the whole performance exceptionally good.

"Yes," the people will support a good musical comedy. Manager Russell has demonstrated that. Here's to more of them!

In boxes on Tuesday I noticed a party composed of Dr. and Mrs. Jas. Biggar, Mr. and Mrs. Wilfrid Harrison and Miss Rathbun and Miss Butterfield, and on the opposite side, Mr. and Mrs. Heffernan and Mrs. J. H. Morris.

Mrs. Charlesworth is expecting her mother to visit her some time next month.

In the Toronto Globe of the 12th I notice among the list of medals distributed by the Royal Life-Saving Society of Great Britain that one comes to Mrs. Mac Dawson of Edmonton. The severity of the test required for these medals is shown in the fact that the contestants must tow a non-swimmer sixty feet in five styles, the last sixty both the towed person and the rescuer being fully dressed. They must swim 1,800 feet by three methods, must undress on the surface of the water, must thoroughly understand the Schafer method of resuscitation and must break away from the desperate clutch of a drowning person.

Those who have seen this fine athletic young fellow in water sports at Gull Lake this summer, or running his car around Edmonton, can realize how well-fitted he is to turn life-saver under any condition. The distinction is a unique one, but the winner of the award is taking his honors, as everyone who knows him knew he would, modestly.

Miss McKenny, of Edmonton, who has been the guest of her aunt, Lady Schultz, for some time, leaves on Saturday for her home in the West—Winnipeg Telegram.

The engagement is announced of Miss Eleanor Laidlaw, daughter of Mr. Andrew Laidlaw, the well-known Spokane capitalist, who has large interests in the vicinity of Edmonton, which he visits frequently. Miss Laidlaw is to marry Mr. H. C. Gordon of Vancouver, where he is treasurer of the National Finance Company, shortly after the new year.

Captain W. Harry Watts has been honored by a request to act as adjudicator at the next annual Saskatchewan musical festival to be held next May.

Fifty years happily married! If that isn't an anniversary to celebrate, what is? That is what the two hundred guests, Old Timers most of them, told Mr. and Mrs. MacManus as they gathered in their cosy drawing-room last Thursday night, to wish them well for the future, and congratulate them on half a century of untold happiness. Everything was gold. Golden 'mums, golden streamers—and the opinions of the guests were that in their host and hostess, their children would find "two hearts of gold." It was such a party as the Old Timers love. All friends, good fare, and plenty of reminiscences of the days round which their happiest memories cluster.

The bride looked just as sweet and twice as happy as she did fifty years ago. And if the bride's gown was changed in hue, the heart beneath it was not. And the groom looked just as stalwart and quite as proud, as on that long ago anniversary, with a look of thankfulness thrown in, that young hearts have to learn to cultivate.

And around these two, before they left, the guests danced in a circle, telling them that everyone allowed that they were two jolly good fellows; and that they loved them for the days of Auld Lang Syne.

May 1, at this belated date, wish them both many years of happiness together. I was a near neighbor once and I'll be praying that I may keep half as young and be quite as happy as they are now, fifty years on.

At the residence of Lady Laurier on Saturday afternoon a large number of guests assembled to bid farewell to Her Excellency the Countess Grey and her daughters the Ladies Sybil and Evelyn Grey. Lady Laurier, on behalf of the guests, presented to Lady Grey a handsome sash of diamonds and pearls set in platinum, revealing on the under side a tiny watch, the whole suspended on a fine platinum chain.—Montreal Daily Star.

Mrs. Jas. Smyths is giving at "tea" at her new residence on 24th St., this Friday afternoon.

Mrs. J. J. Tull, 474 Fourteenth street, will receive for the first time on Thursday afternoon and evening, Oct. 19th and afterwards on the first Thursday of each month.

Mrs. Richard Hardisty accompanied by her sister, Miss Kelly of Chicago, is home on a visit, leaving last Saturday.

Miss Dorothy Dickey has returned to town, after a visit to her sister, Mrs. Charles Tupper of Vancouver.

Mrs. Ghiselin's twin teas on Thursday and Friday of last week were cheery little parties, where the guests were entertained, but not crushed, and so came away expressing the wish that more women would follow suit when they undertook to give a "tea."

Mrs. Ghiselin received in a beautiful gown of white satin sewn with pearls in which she looked very sweet.

The tea table was centred with an exquisite shower of cerise-shaded sweet peas in a brass jardiniere, and on Thursday was in charge of Mrs. Jas. Biggar and Mrs. Wilfrid Harrison, while Mrs. Lane, Miss Marjorie Beck and Miss Phyllis Barnes assisted. On Friday Mrs. Mays and Mrs. Frederick Jamieson poured, and Mrs. Stanley, Miss Grace Johnston and Miss Viva Sommerville passed the delicious refreshments.

I noticed Mrs. Mays on Thursday looking charming in an all-white toilette, big hat, and long white fur coat.

The glorious weather of last week tempted two parties to a week-end "shoot." Mr. and Mrs. Pardee and Mr. Emery going out to a ranch near Vegreville, where they enjoyed some fine sport, Mr. Michelson taking another party out for an auto spin to Lac Ste Anne, the latter being chaperoned by Mr. and Mrs. Heathcote, and consisting of the host, the Misses Haycock, Mr. Heathcote and Mr. Jervis.

On Wednesday Mrs. A. E. Nash held her first reception since her marriage at the fine new home her husband has built for her on 26th St. Literally shoals of people called, and the petite bride, looking very attractive in her lovely robe de noce with a tiny wreath of orange blossoms in her hair, was kept more than busy shaking hands and accepting all the nice things callers were whispering to her with regard to herself and her home.

Madame Cauchon received with her daughter, wearing the elegant toilette of Ashes of Roses, which was so much admired at the wedding.

Tea was served by Mrs. Norman Soars and Madame Martin, Mrs. Tom Douglas cutting the ices, and Mlle. Cauchon, Miss Nora Campbell, Miss Bessie Scott, Miss Ruth Harvey and Miss Marjorie Beck assisted.

The table was a beautiful arrangement of white roses and lilies-of-the-valley.

Mrs. Arnold Soars received for the first time since her arrival from England at her pretty home on Athabasca Ave., on Monday afternoon; quite a number dropping in to welcome her to her new home at the Capital.

The Hand of Destiny is Pointing to Any of These 'The Snappiest of Snaps'



BRITISH COLUMBIA—I have some nice Fruit Lands in the Kootenay District and near Victoria. Some of these lands have houses, etc. on them and planted with various kinds of fruit trees, ready for occupation. Come and inquire about them.
CAPITAL HILL—Block 34, \$2000
Third Cash; 12, 18 months.
CAPITAL HILL—Two lots, Block 7, \$1800
\$750 Cash; 6, 12 mths.
GRANDVIEW PLACE—Block 1, \$1675
Terms to suit.
DELTON—Three lots, Block 39, each \$250
\$100 Cash; 6, 12 months.
RIVER VIEW—Two lots, Block 4, each \$1200
Terms arranged.
STRATHCOCA—Whistle ave., Block 63, \$6500
\$2900 Cash.
WESTMOUNT—Block 17, \$700
\$350 Cash; bal. 6, 12 mths.
WESTMOUNT—Block 7, 50 ft. x 220 ft., \$1000
\$50 Cash; 6, 12, 18 months.
WESTMOUNT—Block 22, two lots \$1300
\$50 Cash; 6 and 12 months.
H. B. R.—I have about 150 lots scattered all over from Block 1 west. The Reserve is now being subdivided and everything north of the track is now in demand.
H. B. R.—Block 1, 6 roomed cottage, fully modern, \$4500
\$5 Cash; balance arranged.
H. B. R.—Block 2, \$4150
\$5 cash; bal. 6, 12, 18 & P.C.
H. B. R.—A block of 4 lots, Block 3, for trackage. The price is reasonable and the terms easy.
H. G. R.—Block 4, modern 8 roomed house, immediate possession, \$5000
\$5 Cash; 6 and 12 mths.
H. B. R.—Block 7, one lot, \$8000
\$5 Cash; balance arranged.
H. B. R.—Block 9, corner of Tenth and Nelson, \$2000
\$5 Cash; 6 and 12 months.
H. B. R.—Block 9, \$1550
\$750 Cash; balance 6, 12 mths.
H. B. R.—Block 10, \$2500
\$1000 Cash; 6, 12, 18 mths.
H. G. R.—Lot 179, Block 11, \$1700
Easy Terms.
TRIST STREET—I have some subdivided lots in this business street. Call and inquire about them.
NAMAYO AVE.—Block 18, \$500 cash, 6 roomed modern house. Rents at \$35 per month, \$10,000.
Third Cash; balance easy.
NAMAYO AVE.—Block 2, Second, \$1005
\$200 Cash; 6 and 12 Months.

I have a large selection of subdivision Property near the city, particulars of which I will give to anyone calling at my office. I have a very large listing of Modern Houses in various parts of the city at prices and terms to suit everyone.

FARMS—Some Daisies, with Cattle, Horses, Hogs, Poultry, Implements, immediate possession given. Not far from city.

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Lots 21 & 22, River lot 14, with small house, value \$350 on same, at the corner of Kinsitino and Heimink. Price \$4000, \$2000 Cash, Balance Arranged.

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Mrs. Soars will receive on the 3rd Monday of each month.

Mrs. Edmund Burke of 639 Twenty-fourth St. has Mrs. Edmund Burke of Toronto as her guest.

Mrs. Wilfrid Harrison's "tea" on Saturday last was a regular "Autumn" party, everything in leaf colors, yellow and rosy reds. The crisp October afternoon, a brisk walk, and this cosy tea-party as a destination were a charming combination and attracted a large number of beautifully-gowned women.

In the reception room everything was carried out in rosy tints to harmonize with the color scheme of walls and rugs. The floral decorations here were small 'mums that blent in beautifully with the general effect. Here Mrs. Harrison and Miss Butterfield received, the former wearing a lovely creation of white satin veiled in blue chiffon, most elaborately beaded in cut steel. Quite one of the handsomest frocks I have seen this season.

Miss Butterfield had on some soft shade of rose pink satin, beautifully embroidered on the corsage, in gold.

In the tea room yellow 'mums and candles in a crystal and silver epergne, queened it on the tea table, and in vases disposed about the room.

Here Mrs. Bowers and Mrs. Bowker presided and Mrs. Lines served the ices, while Mrs. James Biggar and Miss Rathbun were most attentive assistants.

Some of those I noticed at this pleasant tea were Mrs. J. D. Harrison, Mrs. Sydney Woods, Mrs. Gliselin, Mrs. Cornwall, Mrs. Cooper, Mrs. Jennings, Mrs. Barnes, Mrs. Percy Hardisty, Mrs. Somerville and Mrs. Charlesworth.

Mrs. Clark Dennis left at last week end to spend a week in Winnipeg.

The dates have been announced for the Assemblies. They are: Nov. 3rd, December 1st, January 5th, January 26th and February 16th.

I hear that the Graduate Nurses' Dance this Friday is being eagerly looked forward to.

Mrs. Howard Ritchie was one of the week's busy young hostesses, entertaining on Friday last at a Stag Oyster Supper for her husband's friends. Bridge preceded the supper at which Mr. Pirie and Dr. Gardner carried off respectively top and low score. On Tuesday again she had a Bridge for the young set, when Miss Sutton and Mr. Mac Dawson carried off the honors.

On both occasions beautiful crimson roses were used for decorating purposes.

Mrs. Ritchie on Tuesday wore a graceful gown of Copenhagen blue velvet.

The news of the death on Thursday night of Mr. Thomas Anderson caused much surprise and deep regret. Mr. Anderson was as perfect an example of undimmed powers carried into extreme old age as was to be found anywhere. Ninety-two years and active to the end! Thirty years ago he came to Edmonton and as Crown timber and land agent was a prominent figure in the community. To Mrs. Braithwaite, with whom he had made his home, and to the other children much sympathy will be extended.



OLD COUNTRY EXCURSIONS Christmas at Home

Have your tickets routed via the GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC RAILWAY Your Choice of Steamship Lines Quick service to WINNIPEG, making close connections East and South to all Atlantic Seaports. Electric lighted Diners and Standard Sleepers—Electric Light in upper and lower berths. Tourist Sleeping Cars for "Christmas Boats."

SPECIAL
Tourist Sleeper will leave Edmonton on Dec 8th for Portland, Maine, running alongside Boat at Dock (No transfer), connecting with White Star S. S. "Teutonic" sailing November 14th.

TICKETS ON SALE NOV. 14th to DEC. 31st. GOOD FOR FIVE MONTHS.

BOOK NOW and secure your reservation. Full information from,

J. F. PHILP, City Passenger Agent, 153 Jasper Avenue E. Phone 4057

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The Citizens Circulating Library
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REFERENCE: Bank of B. N. A., Fort George, B.C.; Merchants Bank, Edmonton, Alta.; Merchants Bank, Calgary, Alta.

Conqueror of The Matterhorn

THE death took place in England at the first of the month of Edmund Whymper, the world's greatest mountain-climber. He visited the annual camp of the Canadian Alpine Club some years ago. Edward Whymper was born in 1840, his father being J. W. Whymper, a wood engraver and water-color painter of some distinction. Edward adopted wood engraving as his business, and it was for the purpose of making some sketches that he paid his first visit to the Alps. This was in 1860, and it is probable that never a year has passed since that has not seen him in Switzerland. The beauty of the mountains fascinated him from the first, and after his first climb the lure of the high peaks possessed him until he died. Whymper was the first climber to scale the Matterhorn, and it was this feat and the terrible tragedy that accompanied it that made his name famous. On the descent four of the party, including Lord Francis Douglas, the uncle of the present marquis of Queensberry, lost their lives. Not long ago the body of the unfortunate nobleman was found in a state of perfect preservation, and was buried.

It is probable that to this day there are people who believe that Whymper was responsible for the accident, and that to save his own life he had cut the rope that linked the party together. Certainly rumors to this effect were freely circulated at the time, and Whymper suffered keenly under a suspicion that those who knew him declared to be absolutely groundless. In his "Scrambles Among the Alps" Whymper gave the only account of the disaster that can be called authentic. Why the manila rope that seemed the strongest of the three should have suddenly parted when there was no strain must always be a mystery. Break it did, and in Whymper's own words, "his three companions and guide passed from his sight uninjured, disappeared one by one, and fell from precipice to precipice on to the Matterhorn's face below, a distance of nearly 4,000 feet in height. From the moment the rope broke it was impossible to help them."

Hardy's Sonnet.

The story as he had it from the climber himself made a great impression on Thomas Hardy, and inspired him, when in 1897 he looked on the Matterhorn from Zermatt, to write the following sonnet:

Thirty-two years since, up against the sun,
Seven shapes, thin atoms to lower sight,
Laboring leapt and gained thy gabled height;
And four lives paid for what the seven had won.
They were the first by whom the deed was done.
And when I look at thee my mind takes flight
To that day's tragic feat of manly might
As though, till then, of history thou hadst none.

Yet ages ere man topped thee, late and soon
Thou watch'dst each night the planets lift and lower,
Thou gleam'dst to Joshua's pausing sun and moon,
And brav'dst the lokening sky when Caesar's power
Approach'd its bloody end; yea, saw'st that noon
When darkness fill'd the earth till the ninth hour.

M ADAME Sherry" proved a delightful offering at the Empire the first three nights of this week. Its fame had long preceded and it was accordingly not at all surprising that bumper houses were in evidence. It lends itself well to attractive stage and there was nothing lacking in its respect in the production that Edmontor witnessed. The scenes on ship-board were the perfection of the art of the stage architect.

As for the company both principals and chorus sang well and acted with genuine sprightfulness. It was the privilege of the writer of this notice to see Oscar Figman, who created the part of Professor Theophilus Sherry, and one is well within the bounds of truth in saying that the characterization given this week by Walter Catlett was superior in every way. He has a perfect voice for a comedian and produced any amount of fun from the role. Miss Bell in the most attractive part of Yvonne was most graceful and sang not too badly. Miss Stonor, who has appeared before an Edmontor audience at least once before, was an excellent Lulu. Her singing of the "Every Little Movement" song at the rise of the curtain was particularly well done. Miss Horgan's Catherine, added not a little to the amusement of the evening.

The company is under the management of our old friend, Frank Healy, who brought the San Franciscans to Edmontor.



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Mothers will do well to shop early for best selections.

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IF YOU NEGLECT YOUR STOMACH EVERY PART of your system must suffer, because your blood is certain to become charged with impurities.

Restore life and vigor to your stomach by taking WILSON'S INVALID'S PORT

BIG BRACING TONIC

Big Bottle.

Ask YOUR Doctor.

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S. E. quarter of Section 10, township 51, Range 3, west of 4th Meridian; 161 acres at \$15.00 an acre, \$1000 mortgage on farm, to be paid off \$100 a year, with interest at 9 p. c. until the year 1915, and balance at that date on Dec. 1st, 1915. Would trade for lot in city (suitable to purchaser) and \$415 cash.

Farm situated in splendid farming locality on C. N. R. main line 167 miles East of Edmontor, 3 1-2 miles from Kitscoty town, on main road, where mail passes four times a week; 80 acres ready for crop next spring of which 30 has been summer fallowed; best spring well at 14 feet deep in country; good log shack 55x12, four rooms; tool shed, all well floored and partitioned; good log granary, lumber floor and partition, 16x16; also small lumber granary in fields, portable 8x8; dandy log stables well built, 16x24, roomy for 14 head; 20 acres of good pasture; fenced two strands of wire; Government experimental orchard, which brings in \$25 a year for its upkeep, and a great acquisition to the farm generally; soil rich black loam, clay sub soil, fine fields 1-2 mile stretch level and dandy to work; at present in the hands of renter.

P. S. Farm high and dry, no low spots in the field.

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'SATURDAY NEWS'

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